He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke hee onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
and quicken his embraced heauines
vvith some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick *I* pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
and comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arrogon*, his trayne, and *Portia.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
yf you choose that wherein I am containd
straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more speech my Lord
you must be gone from hence immediatly.

Arra. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things,
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
vvhich casket twas *I* chose; next, if I faile
of the right casket, neuer in my life
to wooe a maide in way of marriage:
lastly, if *I* doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
that comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
by the foole multitude that choose by show,
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which pries not to thinteriour, but like the Martlet

builds

Builds in the weather on the ou
Euen in the force and rode of
I will not choose what many m
Because I will not iumpe with
And ranke me with the barbar
Why then to thee thou siluer tr
Tell me once more what title t
Who chooseth me shall get as
And well sayde to; for who sha
To cosen Fortune, and be hon
vvithout the stampe of merrit,
To weare an vndeserued digni
O that estates, degrees, and off
vvere not deriu'd corruptly, an
vvere purchast by the merrit of
How many then should couer
How many be commaunded t
How much low peasantry wou
From the true seede of honour
Pickt from the chaft and ruin
To be new varnist; well but to
Who chooseth me shall get as
I will assume desert; giue me a
And instantly vnlocke my fort

Portia. Too long a pause for

Arrag. What's heere, the
Presenting me a shedule, I will
How much vnlike art thou to
How much vnlike my hopes a
Who chooseth me, shall haue a
Did I deserue no more then a f
Is that my prize, are my deserts

Portia. To offend and iudg
And of opposed natures.

Arrag. What is heere?

The fier seauen times t
Seauen times tried tha

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